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THE MONKEY 'AT HOME.'

The careworn manikins, in fantastic dresses, met with in the society of men wearing earrings and carrying barrel-organs, or the snug, nut-cracking inmates of Zoological Gardens, give a very poor idea of what the monkey is 'at home.' Quadrumanity, to be studied with advantage, must be seen in its native forests, leading the easy vagabond existence it has enjoyed for countless generations: there only are all its faculties called into full play. The monkey in captivity is no more the monkey at home than the overfed pauper is the enterprising Englishman: to be out of the reach of want or danger, is to have no motive for exertion—a condition equally injurious to men and monkeys.

In the wide-spread forests of India the monkey has duties and conditions attached to his existence which the poor captive knows nothing of. As an individual, he must search for his own food, and keep a sharp look-out that neither tigers, leopards, nor pythons make a meal of him; he must look after his wife and child, and protect or warn them of similar dangers; and then, as a member of a community more or less extensive, he must be prepared to defend the common hunting-ground against the incursions of alien tribes. His information, too, is extensive: he is well acquainted with all the vegetable productions of the country; he has even an idea of the rotation of crops; he knows that at such a time, and in such a place, the juicy calyx of the mohwa blossom will just be in season; that the mangoes in another place will be beginning to be edible; he knows where the most extensive and least-protected fields of sugar-cane are to be met with; and when the dry weather has set in, and water seems to have disappeared from the face of the country, he knows where the quick freshes are.

There are people who profess an utter want of sympathy with monkeys. 'Nasty, disgusting caricatures of humanity,' they say: for my part I never could feel or imagine disgust at their drolleries, and I don't think my pride was ever hurt by the caricature: on the contrary, I have always felt great pleasure in studying monkey character wherever I could find an opportunity.

I shall never forget my surprise when, for the first time, I saw monkeys at home. After a weary uncomfortable night of jolting, I opened the shutters of my palanquin, in the dim gray light of an Indian day-break, and on the roadside, not six yards from me, were about a score of monkeys, with such an air of self-possessed freedom about them, that I felt rather abashed at meeting, in negligee costume, the gaze of so many respectable aborigines. Some were sitting

on the grass inhaling the fresh breeze of the morning, others were sauntering about; and *all* had that indescribable air of citizenship about them that made me feel that I was the only stranger. The old fellows were ugly enough; but the females, particularly such as had babies at the breast, had a kindly look of maternity about them which it was impossible to avoid liking. As the day wore on, I was getting deeper into the jungle, and there were legions of monkeys. Sometimes I encountered a party of between thirty and forty seated in the middle of the road, and looking at the advancing cortège of my palanquin, just as a group of villagers regard a coach-and-six when it happens to disturb the quiet of their every-day existence. Sometimes my route lay through the centre of a village, and here again the monkeys seemed as much at home as in the forest, wandering about from one house-top to another, and crossing the streets with the easy familiarity of inhabitants. Curious it was, too, to behold a crowd of naked children running about under the shadow of a mango-grove, and, almost jostling them, a party of young monkeys chasing each other through the chequered shade; or at the root of some big tree, to come upon three or four native women, seated the one behind the other, each engaged in scrutinising her neighbour's head; and a little farther on, an old monkey lying on his back, with his legs stretched out in the sun, and another overhauling him with that look of serious responsibility which only a monkey can express when engaged in such a pursuit.

From the many religious traditions connected with their monkeys, the natives of Hindoostan are averse from killing or injuring them, even when forbearance costs them dear. The consequence of this immunity is a degree of reckless impudence on the part of the monkeys that would never be tolerated elsewhere. They crowd together on the roofs of the bazaars, and if the shopkeepers be not on the watch, they make no scruple of helping themselves (without a thought of payment) to all the edibles they can lay their hands on.

The only means of keeping them at a distance, is to cover the roof of the shop with the branches of a small thorny shrub, the barbed prickles of which cling to the flesh like fish-hooks. While living in a bungalow which overlooked one of these bazaars, I on one occasion witnessed a ludicrous case of monkey thieving. On a roof fronting a sweetmeat shop reclined a large red-hipped bandar. He pretended to be asleep, but every now and then raised his head to get a glimpse at the piles of sweetmeats below. It was of no use; the mehtai-walla was sitting beside his merchandise smoking his hubble-bubble, a well-seasoned specimen of bambusa in his right hand, and looking most per-

tinaciously wide-awake. Both monkey and mehtai-walla remained in the same relative position for a good half-hour, and I was getting tired of watching, when the artful dodger got up, and yawning and stretching himself, as if he had just awakened from a long nap, he walked off to the ridge of a house a few yards distant from his old position. To amuse himself, he began fumbling with the end of his tail, and 'made believe' he was tying knots on it. He scratched the small of his back, and stole sly looks over his shoulder at the sweetmeat stall; but it would not do. The mehtai-walla sat cross-legged on his *charpais* (bedstead), and smoked as if he were getting a wrinkle out of every whiff, and had occasion just then for an unusual amount of knowingness.

The bandar was evidently disconcerted: he walked a few paces farther off, and after beating about for some time, he started a certain insect somewhere in his left flank, and was soon engaged in an animated but rather protracted hunt. He had just marked the game down in the hollow of his left arm-pit, when the mehtai-walla laid down his pipe: the bandar was instantly all attention. The mehtai-walla got up, and began adjusting his cummerbund; the bandar went down on all-fours, and stood at gaze. The mehtai-walla took up his pipe, and turned towards the door of his back-room for a fresh supply of tamacoo. The bandar stole back to his old position, and as soon as the mehtai-walla was out of sight, he cleared the street at a bound, and commenced cramming his cheek-pouches from a pile of saccharine dainties. In his haste, however, the bandar had overlooked a cloud of hornets, which were regaling themselves from the same store. The suddenness of the attack alone prevented them from wreaking instant vengeance on the intruder; but before he had time to regain the roof, they were at him, stinging him like an evil conscience. Off flew the terrified bandar, smashing and scattering the tiles as he went. In his frantic efforts to escape his pursuers, he got on a roof covered with the thorn bushes; and in endeavouring to shake one branch off, he soon covered himself with a thicket of them. Torn, bleeding, and unable to move, he spurted out the stolen property from his cheek-pouches, and barking hoarsely through the bushes, he sat a picture of helpless misery and remorse. The rumble of dislocated tiles without, and the fall of broken plaster within, brought out a crowd of natives to the street. These were soon joined by the mehtai-walla, who came running with his turban half unwound, and streaming a couple of yards behind him. All joined in laughing heartily at the discomfited thief; but, thief as he was, he was still a monkey, and, as such, entitled to the respect and veneration of all pious Hindoos; so two natives got upon the roof, and with much difficulty divested the involuntary porcupine of his fixings, when he limped off to a neighbouring grove, resolving, we may hope, never to do the like again.

I was brought into frequent contact with the Indian monkeys, from having to clear and bring under cultivation a large tract of jungle land. While the trees were being cut down, the monkeys appeared to enjoy the spectacle very much, and crowds of them were generally to be seen on the skirts of the clearings, chattering at the piles of blazing timber. They were much perplexed on one occasion, when the woodcutters accidentally cut off from the rest of the forest the patch of jungle where they had congregated; and as the men worked in close order all round, the poor monkeys were completely hemmed in. For a while they were evidently unconscious of what had occurred, and continued screeching and scolding at the advancing woodcutters. By degrees, however, the real state of affairs began to dawn upon them, and then it was curious to watch the gradually growing terror they evinced: the noise and chattering by degrees became hushed; and as tree after tree fell, they crept in silence to the

centre of their fast-narrowing retreat. Although, a few minutes before, the place seemed crowded with them, not a monkey could be seen, but now and then an anxious little face peering cautiously through some fork in the upper branches. It was only when half-a-dozen *tangies* (native axes) began to ring on the last tree left to them, that an old monkey came cautiously down the bole, with a look of alarmed curiosity in his face, to ascertain what was going on; and in a short time the lower branches were crowded with the 'elders of the tribe,' evidently consulting on the serious position of affairs. Partly in the way of expostulation, but chiefly, I suspect, to keep their courage up, a chorus of barking was begun, which, as the danger became more imminent, got gradually intermingled with screams, until the tree began to totter to its base, when the pent-up horror discharged itself in a shrieking torrent of long tails and grinning faces—upsetting the natives who stood in their way, streaming across the fallen trees, and betaking themselves once more to the forest.

Although a good deal shier of me than they were of the natives, I found no difficulty in getting within a few yards of them; and when I lay still among the brushwood, they gambolled round me with as much freedom as if I had been one of themselves.

This happy understanding, however, did not last long, and we soon began to wage bitter war on each other. The *casus belli* was a field of sugar-cane I had planted in the newly-cleared jungle. 'Every beast of the field' seemed leagued against this devoted patch of sugar-cane. The wild elephant came and browsed in it—the jungle hogs rooted it up and munched it at their leisure—the jackals gnawed the stalks into squash—and the wild deer ate the tops of the young plants. Against all these marauders there was an obvious remedy—to build a stout fence round the cane-field. This was done accordingly, and a deep trench dug outside, that even the wild elephant did not deem it prudent to cross.

The wild hogs came and inspected the trench and the palisades beyond. A bristly old tusker was observed taking a survey of the defences, but after mature deliberation, he gave two short grunts, the porcine, I imagined, for 'no go,' and took himself off at a round trot, to pay a visit to my neighbour, Ram Chunder, and inquire how his little plot of sweet yams was coming on. The jackals sniffed at every crevice, and determined to wait a bit; but the monkeys laughed the whole intrenchment to scorn. Day after day was I doomed to behold my canes devoured as fast as they ripened by troops of jubilant monkeys. Flesh and blood could stand this no longer, and so 'the war hatchet was dug up.' It was of no use attempting to drive them away. When disturbed, they merely retreated to the nearest tree, dragging whole stalks of sugar-cane along with them, and then started the chewed fragments in my face, as I looked up at them. This was adding insult to injury, and I positively began to grow bloodthirsty at the idea of being outwitted by monkeys. The case between us might have been stated in this wise—'I have at much trouble and expense cleared and cultivated this jungle land,' said I. 'More fool you!' said the monkeys. 'I have planted and watched over this sugar-cane.' 'Watched! ah-ha! so have we, for the matter of that.' 'But surely I have a right to reap what I sowed?' 'Don't see it,' said the monkeys; 'the jungle, by rights prescriptive and indefeasible, is ours, and has been so ever since the days of Ram Honuman of the long tail. If you cultivate the jungle without our consent, you must look to the consequences. If you don't like our customs, you may get about your business: we don't want you!'

I kept brooding over this mortifying view of the matter, until one morning I hatched that 'devil's egg,'

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revenge, in a practicable shape. A tree, with about a score of monkeys on it, was cut down, and half-a-dozen of the youngest were caught, as they attempted to escape. A large pot of *ghow* (treacle) was then mixed with as much tartar-emetic as could be spared from the medicine-chest, and the young hopefuls, after being carefully painted over with the compound, were allowed to return to their distressed relatives, who, as soon as they arrived, gathered round them, and commenced licking them with the greatest assiduity. The results I had anticipated were not long in making their appearance. A cargo of sea-sick Cockneys in a storm is very disgusting, but this was even worse: a more melancholy sight it was impossible to behold. The poor wretches were groaning in attitudes of distress upon almost every tree, retching and — But I spare the reader. I felt very much concerned; and if I thought it would have been accepted, I was quite willing to stand a pint (of hot water) all round! So efficacious was this treatment, that for more than two years I hardly ever saw a monkey in the neighbourhood.

Monkeys are sometimes tamed by the natives, and taught to perform a number of very amusing tricks. I once saw exhibited, by an old man who travelled about the country with them, three monkeys, who had been trained to go through a regular dramatic performance. The first representation was the wooing of a young bride by a *boohda* (old man). A large male monkey, dressed in a yellow turban and *dhotee*, with shaggy eyebrows and wrinkled face, personified the *boohda*, while two female monkeys, one of them closely veiled, represented the mother and daughter. The *boohda* is first seen walking across his fields, with a long staff laid across his shoulders, and his two hands dangling lazily over the ends of it. After looking over his khates, and finding that the crops are thriving, he gets very self-complacent: enumerating his many acquisitions of oxen and horses, his stacks of straw, and his well-filled granaries, he proceeds to enlarge on his own personal qualities, which he of course finds unexceptionable, and winds up by declaring that he will marry a young wife to gladden his heart. During the time the showman has been reciting this soliloquy, the *boohda*, in the shape of the old male, has been strutting up and down at the distance of a few yards from the females. He now walks up to the mother, and with much ceremony requests the hand of her daughter in marriage, repeating to her the same catalogue of qualities and possessions we before heard in soliloquy. The mother objects to his age, when he dilates on his wealth, and goes through a piece of very natural pantomime in counting imaginary rupees from his right hand to his left. The mother appears a little mollified, and calls her daughter Moonia, who has been standing closely veiled behind the showman's back: she comes at her mother's call, with well-feigned reluctance, and seats herself with her back to the *boohda*, at the same time drawing her veil more closely over her face. The mother then introduces the subject of his *other* wives, and says her daughter is too young, and come of too good a house, to be made the servant of the other tenants of his zenana. Hereupon the *boohda* swears by the 'sacred waters of Gunga,' that she will never be asked even to pare her own nails; but will have numerous servants to wait upon her. Then, with the view of engaging the young girl's attention, the cunning *boohda* begins to enlarge upon the number and elegance of the jewels she will wear, and the richness and splendour of her dresses. The fair Moonia hitches slightly round, and by accident lifts a corner of her veil. The *boohda* is enraptured, and makes a motion to get nearer her; but is prevented by the mother, who bestows a sound buffet on the *boohda*, reminding him that the marriage has not yet taken place, and expresses her astonishment that an old man

like him does not know better. At this juncture, too, the bashful Moonia, speaking from beneath her veil, declares that she won't have him at any price; that he is *only* a silly *boohda*; that he is stingy to his other wives; and that he is *bahoot budsurat* (very ill-favoured). At this the *boohda* gets in a passion, and with his *lahtee* commences to maul both mother and daughter, until he is interrupted by the Fates, in the person of the showman, coming to their assistance. The curtain is now supposed to have dropped, and the actors, who had before given their whole attention to the scene, now begin to amuse themselves with any stick or straw that happens to be near them, while the moral of the story is being recited by the showman, with an accompaniment on the tom-tom.

SOCIAL NON-CONDUCTORS.

AMONG the great natural agencies at work in the continuance and support of this still teeming and still self-consuming globe, electricity is the most mysterious and the most universal. Every day, as that dawn of science advances in whose opening twilight we of the present day have the fortune to live, some new function, some new connection with the phenomena of life is discovered, by which this unknown minister of nature is traced in its results. But the power even of electricity is modified by the character of the substances to which it is communicated. Some speed the fleet angel on its way, and rejoice in so constant a renewal of its visits that they might seem a perpetual residence: a metal wire would carry the fluid round the circumference of the globe with the rapidity of thought. Other substances retain what they receive, with a dull unconsciousness of its value, and through stolidity, as it were, rather than selfishness, arrest its progress, and neutralise a power which consists in action: these are called Non-conductors.

Electricity has been considered by some inquirers as identical with the principle of life; but at all events there is an agency at work within us which presents some very close analogies with the mysterious fluid, and to that alone we purpose drawing attention in the present paper. The agent alluded to is as mystical in its nature, and as instantaneous in its operations, as the former, and its mission is as obviously the preservation and amelioration of the kingdom of nature committed to its ministry. It has, moreover, its conductors and its non-conductors—its genial diffusers throughout the whole circle of humanity, and its unconscious recipients, who hold the angel fast without demanding his blessing. This moral fluid is called Love. We do not mean the love which is the staple of romance, for that is not a simple body, but compounded, as all passions are, of the things of the senses as well as of the mind. We do not speak of the torrent whose impulsive gush fills but one channel, and tends but to one point; but of love in that more refined, more durable, and more comprehensive character in which its mission is to link together the whole moral world, the whole human race.

Certain members of society here and there—it may be one in a family—are naturally or habitually deficient as communicants of this vital current, and to them we give the name of Non-conductors. The peculiarity of the social Non-conductor is a feature resulting principally from his mental organization: it springs from a deficiency in the mind rather than in the heart. He is insensible to the thousand minute, momentary, delicate demands and wants of his fellow-creatures, and for this reason he enjoys an immunity from much of the world's care and anxiety, and also from much of its tranquil happiness. He is merely a recipient, not a communicant. He is wrapped in a habitude which defends him from half the affections of our nature; he is free alike from their crowns of roses and from the thorns that bind the roses closer; he is not so much a bar as a blank. His

is a state negative with regard to attraction, not of positive repulsion; he is not actively and consciously impenetrable, but passively irresponsible; not deaf to the calls and cries of humanity, but unthinking, unknowing until it calls and cries. A neutralising atmosphere surrounds him as he wends his way through the world; he can excite no sympathy, and conduct no affection; the language of love or friendship may penetrate his heart, but there it stops—it cannot pass on to another's. That heart is not hard—it is only sluggish, and wants the quickening impulse of mental perception. It considers itself a destination, and not a medium: it is a drosser,* that folds over the homied messenger of love, and stifles him in the cold mechanical embrace. The sweetness of affection, cast into it, sinks to the bottom, and may be recovered at will in a state of preservation; but it cannot float in suspension, as if a portion of the fountain. Whence arises this phenomenon of social existence? As we said, not from a bad heart, but from a narrow mind. Self-preservation is nature's first law: it actuates us in crises, in extremities—in fact, in the exceptional circumstances of life; but healthy minds soon learn that there are other laws which preside in the hourly and daily detail, in the minutiae and trivia—in a word, in nine-tenths of the process and current of our being. These the non-conductor knows not: his mind has never progressed beyond the first law.

We must be understood as confining ourselves strictly to that current of sympathy we have called love. In the other relations of life the non-conductor may present no points for exception. He may be an excellent man of business, or a skilful mechanic, though it may be doubted whether he could ever be a great artist; for art is the privilege of genius alone, and genius implies sympathy. Business wants but talent, skill requires but application, and these are not beyond his compass. It is even probable that he may attain to wealth, respectability, and a certain station; for everything within him works towards this consummation. Many of the more dangerous vomitories of the human heart are in him closed up; and if he is incapable of transmitting sympathy, he is for the same reason safe from that waste of feeling and withering of hope which so often leave kindlier natures a ruin. He is proof against many of the seductions, and from much of the contagion of disguised depravity. He has the security of the rock, with its hardness, coldness, and insulation.

But an absolute non-conductor, be it understood, is not a common character. Most men have their conduits of sympathy, however small and unnoticeable. A man will love his dog or cat who is incapable of loving the human kind; or he will expend his sympathies upon one of his children, while the rest are strangers to his heart; or he will foster his own family with the tenderest care, while absolutely indifferent to the families of others; or he will be the Hampden of his village, without a grain of love of country; or he will stand up for the interests of his own department of business, even at the sacrifice of the rest of the national trade; or he will pride himself on the name of Englishman, and look with coldness or dislike upon the other tribes of mankind. In all these cases he is a partial conductor: his sympathies run only in one channel.

Then we have our slow conductors: men who look with suspicion or alarm upon a kindly feeling as it wells up in their bosom; with whom love is not an impulse, but a faculty; who close up their hearts as they button up their pockets, and open neither to the calls of sympathy till they see good reason why. These are prudent, wise, respectable members of society; and their love, when it comes, is worth having; but it

rarely meets with a return in kind. People will not wait for it. They see only the original coldness: and the thaw is so slow, that they are insensible of the change. When this is at length manifested in a kindly action, it excites more surprise than love. 'Who would have thought it?' people cry, ignorant that it is a natural and necessary result of a state of mind that had been long tending towards its production. Slow conductors are esteemed, but rarely loved. Even the insight into character possessed by children is at fault with them. Little girls are silent, and little boys speak in whispers when they are present. They will not encourage their advances, for the promised sympathy is too far off for their perceptions, and they see in the meantime only the cold workings of a mind into which love may enter, but where he is not born.

But non-conductibility in the present composition of society has its uses. Every instrument must be tempered for its craft; and at least a partial infusion of this element is frequently found to make the man fit for the work he has to do. It may form excellent stuff, for instance, in the composition of a military chief: it saves him at once from all those thousand petty incursions to which the feelings of other men are subject; and it acts as a sort of moral *blinker* to the mind, shutting out the world of light and motion that would otherwise press too strongly on his senses. Armed with this defence, he looks straight forward, and sees nothing but duty—the duty of the captain untroubled by the sympathies of the man. An efficient minister of state could not be without some portion of this element. A large share of it is indispensable to the composition of the stanch partisan and the adherent of a faction. Tracing it to another stage, we find it in the bailiff, the prison turnkey, and the public executioner; and all these are plants of necessary and inevitable growth under the present conditions of society. The distinction in such cases between non-conductibility and the mere want of humane feeling is obvious. All the functionaries we have mentioned have their own inlets and outlets of sympathy, their own affections, and friendships, and family instincts; but the principle of universal love must be either wanting in their natures, or fatal to their success.

It may be supposed that the advantages and disadvantages of non-conductibility are pretty equally balanced; but this is not our idea. The social electricity we allude to is an agent on which the welfare and happiness of mankind depend. Its transmission is committed to the highest and noblest natures: and the exercise of the function—apart from all material results—is in itself a source of such divine felicity as we suppose to be the portion of beatified spirits. A man of no universal sympathies can have no universal enjoyment. He may be successful in war, or policy, or trade—he may fill the world with his renown; but his moral being is incomplete, and he passes away from among mankind without having known what it was to exercise the loftier functions of human nature.

One more analogy, and this brief excursion of the fancy is at an end. The practical usefulness of both principles—that of the moral and that of the material world—increases with the advancement of mankind in knowledge and refinement. Electricity, formerly an awful and uncontrollable minister of nature, heard only in the roar of the thunder, and seen only in the blasted oak, the burning pile, and the blackened corpse, is now tamed, as it were, into our service, and rendered obedient to our command. It is introduced into our houses; it flashes our messages from one end of the country to the other; it traverses seas in our employment; and it will one day serve as a means of almost instantaneous intercommunication for the whole terrestrial globe. Love, in like manner—the electricity of the heart—no longer transmitted in peculiar and narrow channels, giving a character of selfishness even to our

* The flower of this plant has the property of closing on whatever insect alights on it, until it is starved or stifled in the embrace.

most beautiful feelings, is now widening every day more and more in its ministry. It brings closer and closer the severed classes of society; it links nation with nation; and, dispelling prejudices, and assimilating interests as it flies, it will one day, if the providence of God permits its career, gather the whole of mankind into one family. Do not doubt of this, hard and cold-hearted philosophers, because as yet we are only in the beginning! The electricity that yesterday smote the church-tower into ruins, now plays innocuously round its summit, and buries itself in the earth at its foot. The love that yesterday declared its path only in narrow jealousies and selfish fondness, will encircle the whole world—to-morrow!

LADY EMERLIN'S WOOD.

THE retired village of S—, in a midland English county, is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Thames, which here washes the base of steep and green swelling hills, crested, and often midway covered, with extensive and dense old woods, consisting principally of beeches, with some oaks interspersed, pines, and poplars. During our explorations in these charming woods in all and every direction—often losing ourselves, and wandering until we were completely weary, and glad to rest on the inviting mossy banks—we pursued one day a different route from those we had hitherto traced; and after an unusually prolonged ramble, we suddenly emerged from the forest land to an open patch of upland, which presented tokens of having once been part of a cultivated garden. The dilapidated stone walls, the broken-down terraces, mutilated statues, dry fountains, and tangled undergrowth of weeds, together with the impressive silence reigning over all things, rendered it a fit abode for the genius of desolation; while the bright garden-flowers which peeped forth from their neglected borders only served to enhance the mournfulness of the scene. Presently we moved onwards; and behind a bank of thick wood, which had effectually screened it from view, discovered the ivy-grown ruins of a mansion to which this garden doubtless belonged. It was absolutely and completely a ruin, yet evidencing ancient extent and grandeur. On making inquiries concerning this isolated spot, we found that our footsteps had invaded the unhallowed precincts of Lady Emerlin's Wood, well known to all the country-side from the traditionary lore attached to it: tradition more fully based on truth, as our researches afterwards proved, than such lore usually is.

The peasants liked not to pass through that lonely wood at twilight hour; nay, even in broad noonday, they preferred making a long circuit rather than approach it; and they pointed with silent awe to a venerable oak-tree, beneath whose spreading branches the rich, deep moss forms a velvet carpet, round which, they say, the Lady Emerlin wanders every night; of course at the legitimate witching hour of twelve.

Now for the tale attached to this beautiful, haunted wood, which became a favourite haunt of ours from the fact of its being so seldom tenanted, save by squirrels and wood-pigeons.

Nearly three parts of a century ago, there stood, in place of these ruins, through which the wind howls—offentimes making wild, unearthly music, and in which congregations of owls and bats disport themselves—a substantial mansion-house, the former magnificence of whose baronial hall we were enabled to distinguish from unfailling signs of size and solidity—(a modern villa now is erected on the site). This mansion was the ancestral abode of a worthy knight, Sir Ludolf Montford, who had signalled himself in the wars, and retired late in life to enjoy domestic peace, and the society of an amiable wife; who, however, after presenting her husband with two fair children, a son and daughter, was summoned from this world to a better.

Sir Ludolf's whole affections were now centered in these children, who were in most respects promising enough to excuse the partiality of a fond parent. The young Ludolf was a year older than his sister Winifred, a gentle, blue-eyed girl, docile and timid, as her brother was bold and somewhat self-willed; for, truth to tell, Sir Ludolf spoilt them both, though indulgence had no other effect on Winny than to render her more affectionate and unselfish, and perhaps at the same time rather too sensitive for any rough contact with the rough beings of this work-a-day world. There was also another inmate at Montford Hall, a ward of Sir Ludolf's—an orphan boy about the same age as Winifred. Francis Lovel was heir to a large fortune, and his deceased father had been the knight's companion-in-arms, bequeathing his only child to Sir Ludolf's care. Frank Lovel shared with the heir of Montford in the instructions of an able tutor, who resided at the Hall, and prepared the boys for their final college career; for Sir Ludolf put off the evil day of parting with them as long as possible. There was emulation and competition between the boys in all their sports and studies, and some rivalry; but, on the whole, they were as much attached to each other as if brothers in reality, while they both regarded Winny as a beloved sister, who in return gave them an equal share of her guileless affection. Frank was far more volatile and thoughtless than his slower compeer; quicker to learn, and with a high fiery spirit, which ill brooked control. Singularly handsome and graceful even as a child, Frank became a fearless equestrian at an early age, though he gave no proofs of ever being such an adept in field-sports as young Ludolf, who frequently accompanied his father on angling and shooting expeditions; his sturdy robust frame enduring a great amount of fatigue. He was a son after the old knight's heart, who detested milk-sops; and notwithstanding his strong regard for Frank, that young gentleman's refined or dandified propensities were often the theme of Sir Ludolf's good-natured animadversions. On such occasions Winny was always near to say a kind word for dear Frank, and with tears in her sweet eyes to ward off what she considered unjust or unkind remarks. But Frank was well able to take his own part, though ever dutiful and respectful towards his guardian: he laughed at these pleasant reproofs, persevered in his own way, and not unfrequently stood in open defiance and warfare with his tutor. Nevertheless, he was a generous, affectionate fellow, fond of amusement, and a leader in any wild prank that offered; then the old Montford Woods re-echoed with youthful laughter, while many elastic young feet bounded over the springy turf, and young hands culled the wild flowers, which bloomed luxuriantly then as now.

A widowed sister of Sir Ludolf's, more than twenty years his junior, volunteered to preside over the ménage at the hall, and to superintend the education of Winny, with that of her own little girl, who wanted yet two years of Winny's age. Sir Ludolf had not seen his sister, Mrs Devereux, since her widowhood; and though the impressions he retained of her were not of the most pleasing description, he did not feel warranted in refusing her a home, which he knew, from her straitened income, would prove acceptable for herself and her daughter. Besides, Sir Ludolf had his own peculiar notions respecting female education: he detested frippery and accomplishments; and as to learning in a woman, that was a heinous sin. Winny must learn to read and write, to sew, and to superintend a house; and as he had always considered his sister, Mrs Devereux, a particularly silly personage, ill competent to instruct youth, it seemed highly probable that Winny's education would be confided to the ancient housekeeper, Mrs Rickerby.

After Mrs Devereux's introduction at Montford Hall, peace seemed to have taken wings to itself, and flown

away. At first the dazzling beauty of Ismay Devereux startled and delighted her cousins, and Frank Lovel too; but by degrees Ismay's capricious and violent temper alienated her from them: she was so exacting and selfish, and such a foolish, vain, little thing, that Frank, who at first had been enraptured with the lovely doll, was always foremost to quarrel with her—mimicking her childish ways, and declaring to his tutor that Ismay was worthy of her mother—a painted old Jezebel! There was truth in Frank's assertion, though so improperly expressed, for Mrs Devereux's whole being was absorbed in her toilet devotions; and she was indeed an empty-headed and extremely tiresome lady. Everything must be given up to Ismay—her beautiful Ismay; and the lovely but disagreeable child was pampered and petted, and essayed to rule the others with such iron sway, that although the gentle Winny succumbed beneath the tyrannical influence, the boys fairly rebelled. Thus arose domestic discord so great, that Sir Ludolf, who had ruled in the camp, found he could do so no longer, and heartily repented having received Mrs Devereux beneath his roof. That fantastical personage, though everlastingly complaining of dulness and ennui, yet endeavoured strenuously to maintain her footing in her brother's comfortable and well-appointed mansion; strenuously, also, she endeavoured to unite her refractory daughter and Frank Lovel in the bonds of affection. What anticipations the worldly-minded mother cherished for the future, could this end be brought about, may easily be divined. Frank was wealthy—Ismay penniless. But Ismay was still too young to be made to comprehend the importance of being amiable and winning in the eyes of the handsome boy whom she provoked daily, until their squabbles ended in perfect hatred of each other.

At this juncture, how truly thankful was Sir Ludolf when an invitation, couched in the most pressing terms, arrived from General Devereux, a confirmed hypochondriac, beseeching his sister-in-law to join him without delay, as he was about proceeding to Italy for the winter, and needed female society. The general was deaf, and nearly blind, but he had money to bequeath; and, moreover, the habits of the pair were well suited. Mrs Devereux delighted in foreign habits and manners, she said; besides, on her darling girl's account, she must sacrifice her own wishes of being useful to Sir Ludolf. Ismay must be educated and brought forward: 'the plan of home education,' said Mrs Devereux, 'evidently did not answer.' Sir Ludolf, with scarcely-concealed pleasure, begged his sister on no account to let him or his stand in her way; that it was right and proper to cultivate General Devereux's regard, when he evinced such a warm disposition towards his niece, to whom, doubtless, he would eventually leave his property. Never were farewells spoken with less regret on both sides; by all except the tender-hearted Winny, who could not say 'good-by' without a pang. Even Ismay, who would not shake hands with either of the youths, when she came to Winny, put her mouth up for a kiss, saying, 'I do love you, Cousin Winny: you are too good for them;' casting a scornful glance on the laughing torments, and wishing, as she had often told them, 'to scratch their eyes out!'

'The form of an angel, but the soul of a'—Here Frank checked himself, because his sweet Winny was by, and turned contemptuously on his heel, whistling as he sauntered off.

Peace was restored to Montford after the departure of Mrs Devereux and her daughter; but alas! it was not to be of long continuance. A fearful doom overhung that devoted line: the father's idol, the sister's hope, the young and gallant Ludolf, met with a watery grave whilst bathing in the river, within sight of his paternal home. He was bathing alone, against the express commands imposed on him, when he got out

of his depth, and, it was surmised, being seized with cramp, sank to rise no more.

From the date of this lamentable catastrophe an affecting change was observable in Sir Ludolf Montford: when he recovered in some degree from the first overwhelming shock, his familiar associates saw with deep sympathy and compassion that he had become an aged, bowed man, as if the weight of years he bore was too much for poor humanity. The hale green decline of life had vanished, and he tottered about, supported on the weeping Winny's fragile form, smiling vacantly, and shedding piteous tears when any familiar object connected in anyway with his lamented son presented itself to his notice. His solicitude and love for Francis Lovel seemed redoubled; on him he leant, boy as he was, for support and consolation; and it was a touching sight to behold Frank's devotion towards his afflicted guardian, and the patience with which the spirited youth tolerated, nay, fostered, the peculiarities of age. As the time approached for Frank to leave Montford, and pursue his academical routine, so did the uneasiness of Sir Ludolf increase; and ere the final moment of departure arrived, the knight had confided to his ward the wish nearest his heart—which was no less than Frank's solemn betrothal to Winny, now the sole heiress of the noble Montford possessions. Frank yielded a ready and cheerful compliance, for Winifred was very dear to him, and he readily cheated himself into the belief that he loved her with all the passionate ardour of first love, though at the same time Frank marvelled at hearing that passion described in such glowing colours when he felt so calm. At eighteen, Winifred was a thoughtful, feeling woman; at the same period Frank was still a mere boy; but Winny loved the boy with more than even the ordinary depth of woman's pure affection. Winny was not calm when the avowal was made, and she knew that her fate and happiness were no longer in her own hands—they were in his. Was he aware, alas! of the sacred trust reposed in him when he so readily entered into the engagement with this sweet and guileless being? It is to be feared not, though, as time progressed, he became fully sensible that he was loved with no common love, and that were he to desert her, Winny had no latent pride to aid her, but would most probably sink broken-hearted beneath the blow. It was Sir Ludolf's own express wish that Frank should travel when he left college, ere the marriage took place: they were affianced, and the doting father was satisfied, never contemplating the possibility of change in either of them.

Since the departure of Mrs Devereux from Montford, she had only written briefly, and at distant intervals, to her brother, and then her letters were filled with details of Ismay's wondrous beauty and accomplishments, and at length with Ismay's innumerable conquests; for it appeared that the beautiful girl was introduced into public at the earliest age when misses in their teens are tolerated. When the tidings reached Montford of Ismay's marriage at sixteen with a rich nobleman of sixty, no one was astonished, or expressed surprise or anxiety as to the result; Mrs Devereux dwelt with rapture on her daughter's 'great luck and brilliant lot'—adding with pride and exultation, that 'wherever she went nothing was thought of save the captivating Lady Emerlin, who carried hearts by storm.'

'She must be extremely altered to win hearts thus,' observed Frank, smiling as he perused the letter put into his hands by Sir Ludolf; 'for of all the little vicious vixens I ever encountered, Miss Ismay Devereux, now Lady Emerlin, was the most atrocious.'

'Nay, nay, dearest Frank,' whispered Winifred; 'be not so hard upon my lovely cousin; remember how children alter.'

'You have never altered, my love,' responded Frank, fondly parting her fair hair on the smooth sunny brow;

'you were ever gentle, unselfish, and good, and even that odious child herself loved you, sweet one.'

The vain, weak mother did not long survive to enjoy her daughter's exaltation; and the last news that reached Montford concerning Lady Emerlin was the notification of her being left a widow by the death of Lord Emerlin within four years after their union. She continued to reside abroad, and in process of time almost ceased to be remembered in the woodland solitudes which she had once so successfully disturbed in her wayward, childish days. There were no locomotives in the times we are talking of—no rapid modes of transition; and travel then was travel indeed! Both Sir Ludolf and Winny felt a sort of desolation creep over them, as Frank, tearing himself away from their encircling arms, plunged, with the love of change and adventure natural to ardent youth, into the sea of life heaving in restless billows before him.

Poor Winny! she had cast her all on one venture; and it was well for her peace of mind that she could not discern the track of the gallant vessel freighted with her rich load of love. We have all felt, doubtless, more or less, what it is to be left behind, with the monotonous routine of daily life unchanged and undiversified, when the beloved object on whom all our thoughts and wishes centre is beyond our ken for months and years—ay, it may be for ever!

Winny felt just the same then as we should feel now, and time crept on slowly—slowly. She counted time by Frank's letters, which, during his first six months of absence, were very regular; then they became gradually shorter and less frequent, and so continued during the ensuing twelvemonth. He was to have been absent only for the space of one year; but he had procrastinated his return from time to time, until, at the expiration of another six months, Frank, in an incoherent hasty letter from Paris, signified his intention of being at Montford within the next ten days.

He kept to this determination; but could this be the same gay, careless Frank that had parted with but eighteen months previously—this haggard man, on whose handsome countenance the emotions of strong passion were traced? His manners, too, betrayed a restlessness, and an evident desire to feign cheerfulness, which, however, did not impose on the keen and watchful eye of love. Winifred saw there was misery at Frank's heart—an unceasing gnawing worm, whose ravages were only too visible. She shrank from probing his secret, whatever it might be. He did not volunteer his confidence, but, on the contrary, sought every opportunity of being alone; avoided Sir Ludolf's and poor Winny's society as much as possible, and plunged for hours into the deepest recesses of the woods. He often shrank, with a strange dark expression of countenance, from Winny's artless proofs of affection. She was a pure child of nature, and had not been taught to conceal the love sanctioned by a father's blessing. Nevertheless her innate delicacy and sensitive nature caused her to adopt a reserve, on observing Frank's manner, which was foreign to her heart; and matters went on in this unsatisfactory way at Montford for some months.

It now wanted but a short period of the time when Frank would attain the age fixed on before he went abroad as that at which his marriage with sweet Winny was to be solemnised. Sir Ludolf, never particularly discerning, and now in his second childhood, saw nothing of the alteration in Frank, and, as a matter of course, canvassed the approaching event with his future son-in-law. Then it was that something of Frank's old spirit again broke forth: again he was the eager delighted lover; and kneeling at Winifred's feet, he claimed her promise of becoming his bride. Words lingered on Winny's lips—words of questioning, of upbraiding; gentle, soft, and lowly breathed, doubtless, but still upbraiding—for his past singular behaviour. Wildly

her lover threw himself on the ground beside her, exclaiming, in the broken accents of remorse, 'I am not worthy of you, Winifred!—I am not worthy of you!—for you are an angel, and I am!'

'What are you, dear Frank?' said Winifred with an anxious, tearful gaze.

'A villain!' fiercely exclaimed her betrothed, as he broke away with frantic strides. He was seen no more that day. Winny was the least suspicious of created beings: unused to the world's ways, and bred in strict retirement, she knew nothing of treachery and deceit, real or fictitious; consequently she was completely puzzled by Francis Lovel's behaviour. But he had said he loved her still; and, in devoted woman's true spirit, Winny was content. Something had arisen to vex and annoy Frank, thought Winny; and perhaps, when they were married, he would confide his sorrows to a sympathising, tender wife. Winny was patient and hopeful, loving and trusting with her whole heart.

The marriage-day was fixed: Sir Ludolf was full of bustle and happy importance; troops of old friends were flocking to Montford to assist in the festivities attending the celebration of the nuptials of Montford's fair heiress with the last representative of the chivalrous Lovels.

'Another and unexpected guest is about to join our goodly company,' said the knight, addressing his daughter and Frank Lovel, as he held forth a missive bound with silken cord. 'Whom do you think this is from? You will never guess, my children, so I must e'en satisfy your curiosity.' And bidding Winny read it, he handed her the letter, saying to Frank—'I cannot refuse to receive her of course, though it happens inopportunistically.'

'Of whom are you speaking, sir?' demanded Frank carelessly.

'Of my niece, Lady Emerlin. She writes to offer me a short visit, as she is about to pass through the town of R—, and does not like to be within twenty miles of Montford without coming to see us. Poor thing! she is a young widow, and she alludes to the unpleasant impressions she left on our minds when she was here in childhood. I have no doubt Ismay is an altered being.—But what is the matter?' During the foregoing speech, Sir Ludolf had been busily engaged dissecting a fat capon, and too intent upon his occupation to note Frank's start of surprise and displeasure, or his abrupt withdrawal from the social meal. But Winifred had noticed far more than this—she had seen him wince when her father spoke; she had seen the ghastly pallor of his countenance, and the wild expression of his dark eyes. What could all this mean? Was it possible that Frank retained the dislike and prejudice of boyhood towards the beautiful Ismay, and that her coming to Montford made him angry now?—When they met again, Winny was shocked to perceive how really ill Frank looked. Extreme suffering was portrayed on every lineament. There was no fancy here—it was sad and sober reality; and with maidenly delicacy, but wife-like tenderness, Winny besought her affianced husband to confide to her the cause of his anguish. But he laughed—a discordant, harsh laugh it was—and assured the sweet girl that it 'was nothing'—a mere spasm, to which he had been subject of late.

'You don't mind my cousin Lady Emerlin coming, dear Frank, do you?' she remarked with an arch smile, gazing up in his face. 'You went quarrel together now, as you did years ago?'

Frank, without reply, buried his face in his hands, and attempted to stifle the sighs that nevertheless burst from the recesses of his bosom. Poor Winny! vainly she intreated and prayed him to repose in her faithful love; to conceal his wound no longer; for, alas! thought she, 'a wounded spirit who can bear?'

But with a mighty effort the proud man regained the mastery over himself. His bearing became haughty

and determined, calm and silent, like one wound up to go through some difficult or trying part. Towards Winifred, indeed, he was the observant but delicate lover; yet the firmly-compressed lips and knitted brow bespoke the inward conflict of his mind.

In four days the marriage was to take place; Lady Emerlin was momentarily expected; and yet this was the moment chosen by Frank to pay a visit to his former tutor, who was installed in a comfortable living not many miles distant from Montford. The lover went, the lady came—and even Winny forgot everything for a moment but the spirit of grace and beauty which seemed to breathe a new atmosphere over the scene. Ismay's walk resembled the flow of poetry; she seemed to keep time to some strange melody, unheard by others, that tended her fairy steps; and when she thus glided into the hall, it was like the advent of a queen, attracting all eyes and captivating all hearts. Yet her softness of demeanour, her enthralling loveliness and brilliant accomplishments, were united in Lady Emerlin with a certain wild but gentle gaiety, bordering on hilarity, which might have struck some observers as forced and unnatural. But Winny saw nothing of this, and she only regretted Frank's temporary absence, from the desire she felt that he might share in her own surprise and delight. He had promised to return the next day at noon, and she looked forward with impatience to the moment when she might introduce as friends those whose past animosities she still remembered with pain. Much she wondered how so perfectly amiable and affectionate a creature could have been so disagreeable a child.

Rapidly did Lady Emerlin twine herself into the confidence of the artless Winny. With downcast eyes she silently listened to the tale of Frank's altered appearance—their betrothal—their close-at-hand marriage-day; and blushing Winny owned to her cousin how long and fondly she had loved Francis Lovel.

'And he loves you? Say—is it not so, fair-haired Winny?' muttered Lady Emerlin.

Winifred absolutely recoiled from the hissing tone in which these few words were spoken, and at the flashing eyes, which seemed to emit sparks of fire. There was concentrated passion and revenge in their glance, which for a moment petrified her on whom the unhallowed look was rivetted. But with a sudden, forced laugh Lady Emerlin regained her usual complacency, repeating the words mechanically—'Is it not so, fair Winny?'

'I hope so—I believe so—Cousin Ismay,' whispered Winifred, as the tears she had vainly essayed to restrain oozed forth, for she was bewildered, dismayed, and agitated. Lady Emerlin's glance of despair and hatred haunted her; she could not forget it; while indefinable surmises and apprehensions of she knew not what gained possession of her inmost soul. Yet there was a witchery about her Cousin Ismay which Winifred entirely succumbed to: resistance to the spell was futile, and the enchantress continued to cast her 'glamour' o'er her.

In an hour or two Frank would return; he would explain the mystery of Lady Emerlin's startling and wayward moods: no doubt it was the lurking remains of evil temper, combated with indeed, but still not quite subdued. So when Ismay embraced Winifred, as she took her unresisting arm, expressing a desire to stroll through the woods she had frolicked in as a happy child, Winny cheerfully acceded to the request, and warmly returned her cousin's embrace.

'But would they not wait for Frank? In another hour he might be with them, and how delighted would not she be to witness the reconciliation! We will both hang on his arm,' added the gentle Winny; 'and as we walk, we shall cull only the pleasantest of old thoughts to remind us of the past.'

'What, both?' said Ismay; 'we three walk together?' Winny raised her mild eyes to her cousin's face, for the tone in which she spoke, although it was not louder

than a whisper, made her thrill. The face of Lady Emerlin was deadly pale, but the eyes thrall over her marble features a blaze that Winny thought almost terrible in its beauty. She hesitated; she hung back; she thought of her betrothed; she gave a long yearning look to the distance where he might be expected to appear. But Winny was a coward; she did not dare to struggle even with that gentle grasp which seemed to seduce rather than force her away. She was ashamed to acknowledge a reluctance that seemed so childish.

'This is not a bonnet for the woods,' said she; 'let me just get another.'

'Any bonnet will do for the woods!' replied Ismay, and the clasp round Winny's waist became closer and more tender.

'Let me at least throw on a veil.'

'The embowering trees will be your shade!' and as the white arm charmed rather than forced her on, Winny, half-blushing, half-pouting, her shame struggling with her fear, suffered herself to be overmastered as if by a spell.

They were seen to enter the solitary wood, arm in arm together, but they were never seen to leave it again! Hours passed away—noontide and afternoon: all were busily occupied at the Hall in their own pursuits and amusements, and the absence of the cousins was not noticed until towards evening when Frank arrived; and on inquiring for his foreign valet, was told the man had gone with Lady Emerlin's domestics to R—, whither they had conveyed her ladyship's travelling chariot for some necessary repairs. But when Frank sought for his betrothed, and found her not, and was informed that she and Lady Emerlin had gone into the woods together, and had not yet returned, who might read what the unhappy man's terrified countenance expressed? Yet not even his wildest apprehensions approached the dreadful truth: he only feared that she was forcibly carried off by the revengeful woman, with whose fierce affections he had dishonourably trifled. Captivated for a while by Lady Emerlin's beauty and wiles, the mask had fallen too soon, and Francis Lovel beheld the woman as the child had been, but in far stronger colours. He had gone too far to recede; he had raised the fearful whirlwind never again to be quelled, and he paid a terrific price for his unprincipled and weak course of action. He plunged into the woods: the twilight was gathering; he called on Winifred by name: all was silent, save the note of the wood-pigeon fondly responding to its mate. But there, beneath that ancient umbrageous oak-tree, what is that? Surely it is sweet Winny sleeping, extended on the soft yielding moss! Not a fold of her dress was deranged; her cheek was leaning on her arm like one in a gentle slumber; and but for the ghastliness of death which overspread her lovely countenance, even her lover might have been deceived into hope. Winny, however, was dead; either by the visitation of God, or the victim of human passion; and even if a trace of murder could have been discovered on her body, the beautiful fiend had fled securely from the hands of justice, together with her spy—the foreign valet employed by Francis Lovel.

It was rumoured many years afterwards that a woman of unenviable celebrity, when suffering punishment for other crimes, confessed a former guilt. She had slain in that wood, by means of a secret and subtle poison administered in some confection, a cousin of her own, a betrothed bride. She was not known as Lady Emerlin, but history has handed down her name to the execration of posterity, while her identity was fully recognised. On the opposite side of the water from Montford the ruins of a monastic establishment were lately removed, and an inscription discovered, signifying that the mortal remains of Francis Lovel were there interred; a man whose ascetic life and stern penances had bowed him to the grave with the weight of miserable years while

still in life's prime. Many a time and oft have we rested on the delicious moss beneath the ancient oak, nor did we find it less inviting and pleasant a repose because Lady Emerlin's restless shade was said to overshadow it nightly, with a guilty, but of course intangible presence. We thought of 'Herne the Hunter' in Windsor Park, who in a similar manner flits round an old tree, though he is by far too respectable a ghost to be associated even in a legend with the wicked Lady Emerlin of unhallowed memory.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

HAARLEM—THE DUNES—COMMIS-VOYAGEURS—WAFFLE KRAAMS—WALK TO AMSTERDAM—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CAPITAL.

I ARRIVED at Haarlem on a Tuesday, one of the days on which the public are permitted to hear a voluntary played for an hour on the famous organ without charge. The town has the most antiquated appearance of any that I visited, and contains many very old houses: one had the date 1534 on its front. There are fewer canals than elsewhere—a fact to which Haarlem is probably indebted for its escape from such fearful ravages of cholera as prevailed in other places. After a hasty glance at the market-place, with its huge church of St Bavon occupying the centre, the ancient Stad Huis, numerous picturesque gables, and the statue of Coster holding a large type in his hand, I strolled to the Hout, or Wood—a park-like ground, as much resorted to as the Bosch at the Hague, and not less renowned in its locality. As a matter of course, I also paid a visit to the celebrated flower gardens. The season was, however, too late to see them in their glory. M. Krelage, proprietor of the one I first entered, while conducting me along his paths and alleys, remarked that in May, when there are rows of tulips in full bloom on each side of his central avenue, the sight is peculiarly gay and splendid, and attracts a continual crowd of gazers to the gate. One sort—a new species recently introduced from the Cape of Good Hope—was yet in flower; its delicate tints and graceful form will no doubt secure it a favourable reception. No charge is made for admission to these gardens—a notable fact in Holland, where gratuities are so much looked for. Your signature in a book on leaving is all that is required.

A few minutes after one I entered St Bavon's doors, from which the sounds were issuing of what sturdy John Knox called a 'kist fu' o' whistles.' Nearly two hundred persons of various grades—the men with their hats on, but with scarcely an exception well dressed—were walking to and fro in the nave and aisles, or seating themselves in the choir. Some were gazing at the models of ships suspended between two of the columns, or at the name BILDERDYK cut in a plain mural tablet, or at the tomb of Conrad, whose best monument is the masonry and flood-gates at Katwyk. An hour spent in quietly pacing up and down, with the music of the organ in your ears—now melodious, sweet, and flute-like; anon sonorous and mighty as the blast of a thousand trumpets—awakes many latent emotions in the heart, and sends you away with a chastened spirit. I had heard and read so much of the powers of the organ, that I was rather disappointed when all was over, and felt a desire to hear one of the private performances. I explained to the sexton my wish to form one of a party, but he declared himself unable to give any information; nor was a messenger who went round from the Leeuwerik to the other hotels

in the town more fortunate. A bookseller afterwards gave me to understand that the organist, who now charges thirteen florins for an hour's private playing, sometimes keeps his arrangements secret, with a view to form a second party of those who may have missed the first—not at all a commendable practice, if true. Once a year, at the commencement of the annual *kirmess*, he is bound to play for an hour to all who may choose to listen, and to bring out all the effects of which the organ is capable.

In the afternoon I walked out to the dunes, as the great sandhills are called which rise along the seashore. The distance is about three miles by a road leading through the pleasant village of Bloemendaal, which, with its villas, and shrubberies, and well-kept lawns, presents an aristocratic appearance. In one of the gardens several agaves were growing, and orange-trees thickly studded with the golden fruit. The general effect was the more pleasing, that there was less of formality in the laying out than is usually observable in Dutch enclosures. Beyond the village you come to the Zomerzorg Inn—a much-frequented resort of tourists and pic-nic parties—from the grounds of which an ascent, the *blauwe treden*, or blue stairs, leads to the summit of the dunes. Not caring to avail myself of the allurements of the establishment, I took a side-road which led at once to the foot of the hills. Their inner face rises at a very sharp angle, and is so loose and soft, that you sink nearly a foot deep at every step you take upwards. It is probably kept in this condition by the continual fall of flying particles from above. I climbed to the top; and the singular prospect that there opened quite took me by surprise. It was a wild desert of sand, stretching away farther than eye could reach to the right and left, and in front to the sea, nearly two miles distant. Large patches were perfectly bare; on other parts grew a straggling and scanty herbage, with here and there a stunted bush, that seemed to shrink away from the quarter whence come the fierce and bitter blasts from the ocean. The surface is uneven; broken into irregular hills and hollows: a sort of sandy sea. Never before had I beheld so desolate a scene. I rambled some distance across it; and on descending into the hollows, the dreary and solitary aspect became more than ever oppressive; and though the shelter causes a deep stillness, you hear the wind sweeping with a solemn whisper a few feet above your head, while there is nothing in sight to indicate your position; no one point which you can seize more than another. Wo to the traveller benighted in such a region, when winter makes it more dismal and dangerous! These hills are, however, the bulwarks of Holland: they extend along the coast for nearly eighty miles from the Maas to the Helder in a triple range, the highest points of which are about two hundred feet high. The combined action of wind and sea has thrown them up, and adds perpetually to their thickness and strength. So solid is the barrier, that you see at a glance no risk of inundation is here to be apprehended: old ocean, with all his power, would find it no easy task to eat his way through. It is towards the north, at the Helder, where the dunes subside, and artificial embankments are raised, that there is danger of an inbreak of the water. Those who have visited the coast of Lincolnshire will remember that a similar formation is accumulating there. The more furious the assault of the ocean on the sandy shores, the more firmly is the bank drifted up to resist it.

I gathered a few flowers as memorials of my visit, and returned to the place where I had ascended. Near this is a wooden booth or summer-house erected on the most elevated swell, enclosed on all but the landward side. It affords a comfortable shelter from the wind; and seated

here, you have a view scarcely less striking than that towards the sea. You are carried at once from barren to luxuriant—from bleak to beautiful. Farthest off lay the brown waters of the Meer; the spires of Amsterdam, seeming to rise out of a sea, on the left; Haarlem nestling, as it were, in 'forests of uncounted trees' on the right; and Bloemendal almost at your feet: the foreground thickly wooded, shady lanes winding in pleasant and umbrageous curves, with snug little paddocks, and cozy crofts scattered here and there, and chequered with flowery gardens—the whole forming a scene as novel as unexpected. Its main features reminded me of some of the views over the counties of Hereford and Worcester from the Malvern Hills. I saw none more pleasing even in Guelderland, that paradise of the Dutch. No one who visits Haarlem should fail to see it if they wish to know what Holland really is. The short distance from the town renders it easily accessible; and for those of phlegmatic temperament, who require substantial stimuli, the Zomerzorg offers a ready means of solace and satisfaction.

On returning to the hotel, I found there a Belgian commercial traveller whom I had previously seen at the Hague. He was 'doing the road,' as the phrase has it, 'in nails,' and was not a little chagrined at the uncourteous reception which his specimens had met with from a tradesman of the town. The Dutchman, after inspecting the parcel, flung it down on the floor of his shop with the remark, 'Monsieur, we want none of your stuff here!' This rebuff so wounded the Belgian's sensibility, that, as he told me, he could only console himself by writing an account of the annoyance to his wife, whom he had left at home near Liege. He showed me his samples: they were arranged on long slips of pasteboard, similar to a tailor's pattern-book. For two or three of the smaller sorts, chiefly shoe-nails, he stated England to be the best customer; but whether it was that they were cheaper or better than those manufactured in Staffordshire, I could not ascertain. The fact is, however, important, as an instance of the multiplying resources of commerce.

The next morning I made a tour of a mile or two along the public walks laid out on what were once the fortifications. What better use could the old battle-mounds be put to? These grounds are really beautiful in their undulations and great extent; and so thickly planted and intersected with walks running hither and thither, that it is possible to lose yourself among them, or find a secluded spot wherein to meditate, should your mood invite. In this respect the burghers of Haarlem are better provided for than at any other town in the country. Doubly welcome must such pleasant promenades be where all besides is flat and monotonous.

At noon I started for Amsterdam, leaving Haarlem by the ancient brick gateway, said to have been standing at the time of the siege, when the sanguinary Duke of Alva fancied that cruelty was stronger than the spirit of liberty, and found out his mistake, as all oppressors do sooner or later. There is so much water, and so little land, on this route, that I went on foot, the better to observe the construction of the embankment, which serves at once as highway and dike, and is made of prodigious strength, to contain the broad canal on one side, and repel the floods of the Haarlemmer Meer on the other. To the left of the canal is the railway, which serves as a bank where there was none previously. It is formed of long bundles of willow-rods, laid alternately lengthwise and crosswise, one above the other, and crowned with a bed of ballast to bear the sleepers. Thus the railway is carried through the shallow water which formerly overspread the narrow strip of land between the IJ—the arm of the Zuyder Zee on which Amsterdam is built—and the canal. Its construction seems hardly trustworthy to a stranger; but the Dutch,

by long experience, know the value of willow, especially where moisture is to be resisted. Hence the countless plantations of this tree all over the country. There is perhaps nothing else that would so well suit the nature of the soil and endure the continual wash of water. All three—the rail, canal, and road—run in straight parallel lines about sixteen miles from one town to the other, with the exception of a short break at Halfwege. Look back when you will for more than half the route, you see the huge church of St Bavon looming darkly in the distance. At the village just mentioned the waters of the Meer and the IJ come together, and are only kept apart by strong gates and sluices. The difference in height of the two is several feet. There is a portage here, and travellers by canal have to get out of the boat, and walk from one end of the street to the other to resume their journey in either direction.

Here, as mentioned in the last article, I halted for refreshment, and chose the humblest-looking tavern by way of obtaining variety. The taproom perfectly resembled those which I had seen in various parts of the state of New York. There was the same curved counter in one corner, with shelves, decanters, and glasses, constituting the bar, with the same shallow, oval brass-bound tub for rinsing. On the tables stood small copper bowls with wooden handles, containing lumps of lighted turf, and matches made of dried rushes, tipped with sulphur, lying by their side. There was also a diminutive quarto newspaper, *De Reizende Nieuws-Bote* ('The Travelling News-Messenger'), of coarse material and common execution—not so good as the tea-paper used by grocers. It was filled with a series of short paragraphs of foreign and domestic news, printed all across the page; and the cost was two cents—less than a halfpenny. I was the more surprised to see 'a weekly' so small and low in price, as the best papers in Holland are not dear: the general price is ten cents—twopence. The bread, butter, and coffee, were very good: the latter more so than in most London coffee-houses, where the decoction sold is wonderfully deficient in flavour of the Arabian berry.

On drawing near to Amsterdam, the number of lust-houses, pavilions for drinking and dancing, swings, roundabouts, and other gymnastic appliances, indicate your approach to a large town. The termination of the canal, and the railway station, are just outside the Willems Poort, one of the handsomest gates of the city. Immediately within it commences the street called the Haarlemmer Dyk. Scarcely had I set foot on it, than the 'ou' klee' of two Jews, sounding almost as familiar as the 'clo' of Houndsditch, reminded me that I had entered a town of which the population was more than one-tenth Hebrew. They looked far more dingy and dirty than Jews in London. I next threaded Nieuwe Dyk, the principal business street, and emerged on the Dam, a fine open place about the centre of the city, surrounded by handsome buildings, among which are the Exchange and the Sted Huis, or Palace. Not far from this was *De Ster*—the Star Hotel—where I arrived just as dinner was served, not sorry to rest and eat.

What a varied assemblage at the table d'hôte! Italians, Austrians, Germans, Belgians, Dutch, French, and English. At the close of the repast, as they sat sipping their wine, such a disputation arose as can only be heard at a foreign table, where the animated gesticulations make you fancy that the next movement will be a slap or a blow. One of the Frenchmen was the most voluble example of the species I had ever met: words flowed from his lips as water from a mill-race. He lauded France to the skies, as surpassing all other countries in the world, and able to do without them and England in particular. One of the Austrians brought him up short with—'Don't forget, the Cossacks went to Paris.' This silenced him for a time; but he soon recommenced with a Belgian who sat opposite me, labouring to prove his countrymen the most magnanimous nation under

the sun. The Belgian could scarcely get in a word, but when he did, it was to the purpose, and laid bare the sophisms of the other. At last the Frenchman appealed to me in support of his reasoning. 'Monsieur,' I replied, 'you argue extremely well, but you are altogether in the wrong.'

'Bah! vous êtes Anglais, voilà pourquoi!' Nevertheless he was saluted with a loud laugh, which closed the dispute. On one point, however, all were agreed: in regretting the death of Sir R. Peel—news of which had lately been received—as more than a national loss. In every quarter I heard expressions of sorrow at the demise of the great statesman.

Amsterdam impressed me less favourably than Rotterdam or Leyden. The horrible smells from the canals were perfectly disgusting; and yet, as far as I could observe, the inhabitants seemed scarcely sensible of the nuisance. You see, too, a somewhat lower grade of population than in other towns, with more dirt and approach to squalor; yet there is nothing so bad in these respects as in the large towns of England. The city may be generally described as made up of bits of Oxford Street, Thames Street, Baker Street, Wapping, and the Docks, all curiously intermingled. By the side of a jeweller's or a draper's, which would not be out of place in the best London thoroughfare, you will see a provision shop, with a huge pig split open and suspended on a frame at the window, notwithstanding the sultry weather, and a pyramid of painted dummies, red and yellow, to imitate cheeses, on each side of the door—such as may occasionally be seen in Bernondsey Street or other benighted quarters of London. Or a butcher—whose neighbours on either hand may be a *schrijnwerker* (cabinetmaker) and *boekverkooper* (bookseller)—in addition to rows of joints, hangs out an enormous calf, which by its bulk and length of horn you would take for a young cow—large veal not being disliked in Holland, and always, though overgrown, milk-fed. A little farther you come to a dairy with piles of tubs and pails, scrubbed as clean as hands can make them, turned down to drain on the trottoir. Here a man, slowly turning a coffee-roaster over a charcoal fire, blocks your way. There a shoeblack takes leave to suggest that your boots would look the better for a new coat of polish, and makes persuasive offers of service. Presently you meet a knife-grinder, who, instead of using a treadle, sets his stone in motion by means of a large wheel turned by a little boy. How the sparks fly from the steel, and how sharp the hiss sounds in the narrow street! Then a pedlar trudges past with a basket, tall as himself, strapped to his back, on gainful thoughts intent; or men with barrows full of garden-stuff, bawling at the top of their voices. Again your progress is barred by a man sawing a load of firewood into short lengths; and while you try to pass round his heap of blocks, the scavenger's cart comes lumbering by, and drives you back again. This is followed by a sledge, heavily laden with bales of merchandise, which clears its own path with water-splashes; and presently a *vigilante*, or the railway omnibus, clatters along at a rapid pace, and every one flies to the right and left to get out of the way; and if the street be narrow, stands still until the noisy vehicles are passed. Everywhere in the precincts of the Dam you are waylaid by Jews, who pester you with importunities to buy a lottery-ticket, at the same time offering you a handful to select from. Holland is in an advanced stage of civilisation as regards schools, but backward in the matter of lotteries. In every town are numerous offices; and on drawing days the fact is announced on all the walls in captivating placards. Walk to the edge of the broad canal, you see a woman rowing a long flat boat, laden with baskets of linen for the wash: here and there she stops, and adds to her cargo. Close by is the fishmarket—Billingsgate in the heart of a busy metropolis, where numbers of miserable-looking

men and women hanging about afford unmistakable evidence of your being in a great city. Stroll a little farther, to St Anthoine's Breede Straat, you find it, as well as Weesper Straat, thronged with Jews and Jewesses, adults and children. What a multifarious commerce goes on in these thoroughfares!—from hot potatoes, through an almost endless variety of animal, vegetable, and mineral, up to old clothes and diamonds: amid discordant cries, a clamour, and a hum, a rushing to and fro, while almost every window is open, with the upper halves of two or three bodies lounging over the sill, one of the three puffing smoke from his lips. Come here on a Saturday, and you will see the gay red, blue, yellow, and pink ribbons in the caps of the dark-eyed Hebrew damsels, who assemble in groups, looking like moving beds of gaudy flowers when seen at a distance. Their male friends, no longer clad in work-a-day garments, present a respectable appearance; and what a flood of gossip is poured forth on all sides, while the multitudes of urchins playing in the lanes and alleys are brimful of merriment! Enter the chief synagogue; you will be astonished at its magnificence, and your imagination will wander back to the pomp of Jewish ceremonial in olden time.

Go back again to the Dam. It is three o'clock; the Exchange bell is ringing, and from every avenue of approach you see well-dressed men issue singly, in twos or threes, or in straggling knots of a dozen or so, and hasten across the spacious area to the building, which swallows them up by hundreds. It is often said that we are more struck in foreign countries by what resembles our own, than by contrasts; and watching the busy throng congregating in the temple of Mammon, you are forced to confess that, if suddenly transported into the streets of London, they would scarcely be regarded as strangers. Leaving them to their absorbing pursuit, go and view the palace, formerly the Stad Huis, or Hôtel de Ville. The king lodges there when he comes to Amsterdam; but you need not hesitate on that account. Go and see it, if only for the purpose of satisfying yourself that kingly ideas may exist in other than royal heads. This stately edifice was erected by the grave and portly burgomasters of former times; and its sumptuous decorations and noble proportions will convince you that great and aspiring thoughts dwelt beneath the phlegmatic exterior of those men. Few royal palaces equal it. The grand hall was the waiting-room for the public on audience-days: one does not see such waiting-rooms in our time. Is it that the public have degenerated, or that rulers are too busy to think of such matters?

I met an American gentleman at the top of the palace, with whom my having lived some years in his country was a sufficient reason for striking up an acquaintance. We agreed to visit the far-famed village of Broek in company, and crossed by the ferry to Buiksloot, and from thence to the village by *trekschuyt*, the greater part of the distance along the great ship canal, where we met Norwegian, Russian, American, and English vessels being towed by horses to Amsterdam. Near Broek a flag was flying from every windmill, to celebrate the wedding of a miller's daughter. Broek disappoints you: it is far from being so clean as you anticipate; the little canals contain various impurities; and many of the inhabitants are anything but nice in personal appearance. The girl who conducted us round Mynheer Van der Beck's queer garden had a copper cent stuck in the middle of her forehead, which, she said, was to cure the headache. The remedy, if not ornamental, was at least harmless. We—that is, the American and myself—agreed that the sight of Broek was not worth the half-day it costs you. Hillegom, near Haarlem, or Zeist, near Utrecht, are much better worth a visit. Or, instead of going abroad to look at a village, Great Tew, in Oxfordshire, will best repay the trouble of viewing. We walked back to Buika-

loot, and took steamboat at once for Zaandam. Here, independently of the chief attraction, Czar Peter's house, you see four hundred windmills in the neighbourhood of the town, which is eminently Dutch, with its numerous canals, countless bridges, quaint gables, stork's nest on the church top, and peculiar population. How they stared at and made fun of my 'wide-awake!' when all the while before their eyes were the ugly bonnets of the women, which resemble nothing so much as an oval rush door-mat laid across the head, and tied under the chin. So easy is it to deride what is new, or to dislike what we cannot comprehend! The temporary residence of the imperial shipwright is worth seeing, as a specimen of a Dutch tenement of the seventeenth century. In one of the rooms is a large portrait of Peter surrounded by his tools, and two others of himself and Catherine. Overhead the ceiling is draped with intertwined festoons of the flags of Russia and Holland. Twenty-six albums for visitors' names lie on the table—the earliest date 1809. The guide-book says there is hardly a vacant inch on the wooden wall—so thickly is it covered with names in intaglio: a mistake, for there are yet spacious patches, on which those who take pleasure in so doing may incise a record of their visit. We were well pleased with our trip to Zaandam, and returned to Amsterdam in a sailing vessel. The passage occupied one hour, fare 27 cents—less than half of the charge by steamboat.

I called on a gentleman connected with the Koninklijk Instituut, and found him not less courteous than the others of his countrymen whose kindness I have recorded. He introduced me at the Lees-Museum, where I saw newspapers and periodicals from all parts of Europe, including 'Punch,' and the 'Times,' and other English journals; besides a well-selected library of popular and historical works in various languages. We went together to the Zoological Gardens, and afterwards to the Park, where music à la Jullien was sounding in full harmony, while the company paced up and down the winding walks, which were illuminated by hundreds of small and brilliant jets of gas. The numerous concourse appeared to be animated by a feeling of pleasure, nor did they forget the zest of refreshments. When this was over, we went to sup at the *grand restaurant* on the Dam, during which I spoke of my visit to Broek and Zaandam. 'Ah,' said my friend, 'is not Zaandam a singular place? You can always tell a Zaandammer by his peculiar swinging walk, and by the way in which his clothes hang upon him. Even if his garments are made by a first-rate Amsterdam tailor, you can always distinguish him. There is no mistaking a Zaandammer. He is rich, awkward, and self-sufficient!' This opinion delivered *ex cathedra*, and by a Dutchman, I could not venture to gainsay. We afterwards talked of Broek, on which my companion again broke in with, 'Ah, I have never been there; but I know all about it. It is not what it was: Broek now lives on the memory of the past. Wealthy people once lived there: among them was an old lady who lent Willem I. 6,000,000 of florins at a minute's notice. Another time, when the Emperor Francis of Austria was here, he went with his suite to see Broek, and knocked at the door of a house for permission to enter. This house was the most curious, and the best worth viewing, of all in the village; the occupant was also an old lady. A servant opened the door; the emperor stated his wish to look over the premises; the girl retired, and presently brought out word that her mistress would permit no intrusion. One of the suite then stepped forward and declared the emperor's name and rank, and repeated the request for admission. The attendant went in once more, and a minute afterwards reappeared before the noble visitors with a positive message:—"Mistress says she wouldn't, even if it was the burgo-master of Amsterdam!"'

We sat some time in friendly converse before we rose

to go. It was past midnight when we descended to the street. How silent and deserted were all the thoroughfares! Not a soul was afoot; and our voices, as we shook hands and parted, seemed to be the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the sleeping city.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

Lock-Jaw, from Injuries to the Thumb.—It is often said that injuries of the thumb are more likely than all other injuries to produce lock-jaw. The other day a gentleman brought his servant-boy to me who had cut his thumb in slicing a piece of wood. 'Do you fear lock-jaw?' said he. 'I see no particular reason for apprehending it,' I rejoined. 'But you know,' said he—with something like a tone that implied I ought at least to know—'that wounds of the thumb often produce lock-jaw.' I have seen a great many cases of lock-jaw at the hospitals, in many of which burns and other injuries appeared as the causes; but I cannot call to mind that injuries of the thumb were in greater proportion than others. Undoubtedly lock-jaw might arise from such an injury, and wounds of the tendons are thought by many surgeons to be more than other accidents likely to produce such a result. I think, however, there is a good deal of exaggeration in this idea—at any rate with respect to the thumb in particular. When we consider how often the thumb must be wounded from its opposing the fingers in every-day operations, there must be a very large amount of such wounds not followed by lock-jaw. The question will be best determined by hospital statistics; but it may be well, as far as possible, to relieve popular fears as to the frequency of lock-jaw from slight injuries to the thumb.

Drowning.—There is an idea entertained by some people that drowning depends on the entrance of water into the body, and hence a barbarous practice of hanging up a person by the heels to remove the water. Now drowning depends on the exclusion of air from the lungs, and death does not arise from the admission of water, but simply from the mechanical prevention of the access of air. The upper part of the windpipe, which is called the glottis, is thrown into a spasmodic action by the intrusion of any foreign body, so that very little, if any water, gets into the lungs. Water is certainly swallowed; but I need not tell you that water is harmless enough in the stomach. The water which is found in the lungs after death has probably passed into the windpipe after death, when the spasmodic closure of the glottis has ceased. It must be very apparent, then, that all attempts to empty water from the body are as foolish as they are useless.

Sinews and Muscles.—I may just observe that some misunderstanding occasionally arises in respect to the word *sinew*. The sinews, or tendons, are the membranous cords by which the muscles (flesh) are attached to the bones. The greater the strength of the muscles, the greater will generally be the development of the sinews; so that, figuratively, the sinews are often spoken of as the source of power, though in reality they are only the medium of its communication. We speak of the 'sinews of war' when we wish to express the very origin of its potency. Emaciation will, however, show itself variously in various structures, and it sometimes happens that the muscular structure is very far reduced, whilst the tendons or sinews remain the same as ever. Hence people will show us their arms, and tell us 'that there is little flesh, it is true, but look at the sinew!' Hamlet exclaims in one of his passionate speeches—

'Oh all you host of heaven! oh earth!—What else?
And shall I couple hell! Oh fie! Hold—hold, my heart!
And you my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!'

The old anatomists, it is well known, confounded

the tendons with the nerves, probably from their white glistening appearance. There are many words still employed by anatomists which originated in this idea, as the term *aponeurosis*, which one would suppose, by its etymology, had reference to the nerves, and not the tendons—(*apn*, and *neuro*, a nerve). We still hear frequently expressions used which may have originated in this way. 'Nervous language' is a not uncommon phrase of criticism. A sacred poet says—

'Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on!'

Treatment of Wounds.—It was formerly, and is still, the practice with many to put medicinal preparations into recently-incised wounds, to promote their healing, or, as it is sometimes said, to take the soreness out of them. Before the process of restoration was well understood, this was done even by the best-informed in the profession. 'In the treatment of wounds,' says John Bell,* 'surgeons were at one time really very cruel: they absolutely delayed the cure. They never allowed the lips of a wound to fall together; they filled it with dressings and acrid balsams, or distended it with tents and leaden tubes.' So great was the prejudice in favour of these means, that even those who were better informed were forced to resort to stratagem to conciliate the opinion of the public. It was in this way, according to John Bell, that the practice arose of treating wounds by sympathetic means. The remedy was applied to a bloody towel, or to a stain, or to the knife which had inflicted the wound; nor durst the surgeon venture to unite the wound in a simple manner, without pretending that he had brought about the cure by some sympathetic, or, as it was called 'philosophical' remedy. We may judge, as Bell says,† of the barbarity of the older surgeons by the 'continual protestations of La Motte and other good surgeons of their never having, for the sake of gain, used any tents or injections to protract a cure.' A simple incised wound does not, then, require any other treatment than that of bringing the separated edges into contact, unless, indeed, it be necessary to tie the extremities of bleeding vessels, in order to arrest the hæmorrhage. It is not, however, here implied that no benefit is to be derived from local applications to sores. On the contrary, it may be distinctly stated that the greatest good will arise from the use of medicinal applications to indolent sores or spreading ulcers. The object is merely to deprecate the practice of interfering with recently-incised wounds by the application of spirituous preparations, which are sold to benefit the quack doctors, and not the patients. The application of the nitrate of silver does indeed bring about results which are perfectly surprising, giving a sort of impulse to sores, or perhaps rather destroying morbid and ulcerative action, and thus converting a spreading into a common sore. I speak, therefore, only of common incised wounds which have no bad tendency, and are simply what are commonly understood as *cuts*.

Strength.—The great dread which some people have in illness is that of being weak. They are sadly afraid of 'getting too low.' The nurse in her heart thinks the doctor never takes this subject into a fair consideration, and therefore in his absence will be pressing her mistress 'just to take a little of something to keep the wind off her stomach.' Mothers are anxious to support the strength of their children, and as soon as convalescence commences, calves'-foot jelly seems to be looked to as 'nature's great restorer.' Strength is not gained by the mere taking of nourishment into the stomach, but the use which is there made of it; and if the stomach is not in a proper state for the digestion of food, it must be very apparent that, instead of gaining strength by eating, we only augment disease. The dread of weakness from want of food is perhaps a particularly Eng-

lish dread. 'He takes nothing, doctor; he has not tasted these three days,' is the constant language of the sick-room.

Along with this dread of weakness may be mentioned a somewhat curious way people have of referring different ailments to weakness, which have little or no connection with it. I have known positive pain more than once entirely referred to weakness. It is true that neuralgic pains are oftentimes directly benefited by tonic treatment; but the cases to which I allude do not fall under this category. Patients say, 'I have a pain here, doctor; but I suppose it's only weakness?' This is absolutely the phrase used, and is often both unmeaning in itself and mischievous in its tendency. These local weaknesses are generally anything but weaknesses. The term, however, like cold, is so convenient as a general term, that it will not be readily abandoned.

Remote Causes.—It is true enough that complaints occasionally date their origin from remote causes, but some people are unnecessarily and unreasonably fanciful in this respect. A person who has attained a mature age falls into a consumption—when his mother will all at once call to mind that when he was a child he fell into a horse-pond, or kept his wet shoes on, owing to the carelessness of a nurse-maid; or again, a person becomes afflicted with a tremor—when it is remembered that he hurt himself some fifteen years ago whilst flying his kite, or playing at marbles. The suggestion of these distant sources is, in a majority of cases, altogether fanciful. Causes of a much more recent and probable nature are also not unseldom looked for, when, in point of fact, the true source of mischief is unknown, or unwillingly acknowledged. The constant cry is, 'I must have taken some cold;' and to look beyond this is in many instances to incur the displeasure of the sufferer; at least I have known it so when I thought I was more than usually ingenious in conjecturing the true cause. Sometimes fanciful people take it into their heads that they have been cured too quickly of some disease which they formerly suffered from, and imagine that a part of the complaint has been, as it were, left behind. It is quite possible that a course of medicine may be given up too soon, but in general there is little fear of being cured too quickly.

Disease Falling.—It is common to speak of diseases falling and settling on parts, and it used to be literally supposed that they dropped down just as an apple would fall from a tree. This notion is in a great measure abandoned, but not entirely. People still like to fancy that their complaints are falling lower and lower. The idea seems to chime in well with popular feeling. A patient pleases himself in thinking that his complaint is about to pass out at the ends of his toenails. There is one complaint which does indeed seem to give some countenance to this opinion, and that is the gout. The gout is named from a supposed dropping of disease on to the toe; hence the French *goutte*, a drop (*gutta*, Latin). This is indeed an instance in which the old pathology has in some measure stood the test of modern science. On the other hand, there is a strange dread of diseases mounting to the heart; and it is supposed that a dropsy in this way gets higher and higher until the patient dies. There is in this, as in some other cases which I have had to notice, a certain mixture of truth with much error. Complete errors are easily dealt with, but when facts and error are mingled together, it requires some nicety to distinguish them, and occasionally a correction of the erroneous part is mistaken for a denial of the whole.

Dropsy.—Apropos of the dropsy, I may mention that the words dropsy and dropsical are naturally enough associated with feelings of terror, and the use of the terms is sometimes productive of considerable uneasiness, when there is no great occasion for it. Watery collections are sometimes of a partial nature connected with local obstructions, and by no means necessarily

* Bell's Surgery, p. 17.

† Vol. I. p. 18.

fatal. There is a professional name, *adema*, used to designate such partial dropsies; but as it is not generally understood, and could not be readily remembered by all, it is not often employed, except in medical writings, or the interchange of professional conversation. Hence a patient finding his legs swell, will ask in alarm whether it is a dropsy? or perchance the medical man may himself have told the patient that his legs were dropsical, when the poor sufferer afterwards sees nothing but enlarged livers and impending suffocation. Some cutaneous affections produce large oedematous swellings, and yet the recovery is afterwards perfect. Some patients have an idea that dropsy may be the result of large draughts of water. I think, in these days of cold-water cures, I need scarcely stop to point out the absurdity of such a notion.

Cold Bathing.—I think some people have what may be called wrong notions with respect to cold bathing; I mean as to the state the body ought to be in when immersed in cold water. I have heard it stated that it is dangerous to go into cold water whilst the body is warm, but I should conceive it much more dangerous to go in cold. When the body, indeed, is in a profuse perspiration, it is improper to plunge into cold water, because in this state a kind of prostration or exhaustion may be supposed to exist, which is not the best calculated to resist the cold. A dry warmth of the body, however, will best stand a shock of cold, and it may be incidentally observed that bathers should not remain in cold water long enough to experience a permanent chill. The advantage consists in the shock and subsequent reaction which is experienced; but if the body remains too long chilled, the reaction does not ensue.

Diseases of the Heart.—That diseases of the heart are more common than they formerly were.—It cannot but happen in the progress of science that increased information will be accompanied by changes of opinion respecting matters which are little if at all changeable in themselves. What were formerly regarded as causes, may in the end be found to be only consequences; and expressions which were at first thought sufficiently precise, may be afterwards discovered to be only vague or incorrect. Hence some words will gradually fall into disuse, and others will become familiar which were before only sparingly employed. This observation has at least its applications to the medical profession; for we find many names now used in our catalogues of disease, which made little or no figure in that of our ancestors. I know it to be a general opinion that diseases of the heart are more prevalent than they were many years ago, nor can I accurately say how far this opinion may or may not be well-founded. I may state, however, some reasons which ought to be taken into consideration, at anyrate by non-professional people, when they are led into conjectures on such a subject.

With the advance of medical information there has necessarily been an increased anxiety to fix the precise seat of diseases; thus, where we formerly heard of dropsies and fluxes of blood, which were, after all, only effects, we now hear chiefly of the structural diseases in which they arise.

The ailments, therefore, remain the same; but the names have varied with the advancement of knowledge. Again, the introduction of the stethoscope has enabled medical men to detect and understand disease even in the living subject with an accuracy hitherto unattainable, and they are not now contented with the names which were sufficiently accurate for a vaguer pathology. I have stated, however, that I did not feel prepared to say exactly how far diseases of the heart may have become more prevalent than formerly. It is said, at anyrate, that during the French Revolution they were so. The frequency with which a name is employed will not, however, determine the question.

Blow on the Temple.—Some people are fond of lecturing their doctors, and telling them what they consider to

be matter of fact. They do it, I suppose, to show how wise they are; but in this matter they are often far from successful. The other day I was asked to see a poor lad who had been struck with a stone on the head. 'It is well,' said the parent philosophically, 'that the stone hit him where it did: if it had been on his temple, doctor, I imagine it would have killed him on the spot?' I said I did not exactly feel certain that this would have been the case; whereupon he seemed to hold my knowledge in profound contempt. 'Oh yes,' said he; 'a blow on a particular part of the temple is immediately fatal!' 'Hem!' I added, as politely as I could well say hem! I think I have heard this same idea expressed more than once.

It is quite true that some portions of the skull are thinner than others, and that accidents may be more or less dangerous according to the seat as well as the extent of the injury. I speak only in censure of this idea as I believe it to exist in the public mind—that the danger is circumscribed to some spot on the temple, which is more than usually delicate or important. To reason with these lay medical philosophers is, as I have stated before, a fruitless task; for they lay down premises to which we cannot subscribe. Let it not, however, be imagined that I am stating that wounds on all parts of the head are equally dangerous; in this, as on other subjects, I must beg that the true limitation of my remarks may be considered. I speak of the errors as they exist, not as they may be explained away by ingenious advocates.

Disorganization.—Amongst verbal inaccuracies, a very common one is to use the term disorganization for disorder. I have over and over again heard people say, 'I think my stomach must be disorganized,' or, 'I fear it is a little disorganized.' I have felt strongly tempted to exclaim against such a possibility; but when I have considered it might only be meant to express a little dyspepsy, I have felt somewhat more satisfied. Medically speaking, disorganization means a breaking up or destruction of the organ, and is always a most serious, and generally fatal kind of mischief; but the 'disorganization' of common speech is a very harmless matter, and one which, ten to one, will be relieved altogether before morning.

Toast-water.—The custom of giving toast-water instead of plain water to invalids has always seemed to me a sort of refinement which needs explanation. For my part I think there is a good deal of exaggeration in our fears of drinking water in fevers or other complaints, and if it were not so, I can scarcely see how the toast improves the water. To give the toast as nourishment in this way would certainly be to embrace the infinitesimal dose system. If the toast be put to give warmth to the water, it does not always answer the purpose, as the drinkers of toast-water seem to take it as frequently cold as warm. I dare say if the mysteries of *cinder tea*, to which I alluded on a former occasion, were fairly unravelled, it would throw some light on this subject also, as they probably owe their virtues to the same source. If toast-water is taken because it is considered as a pleasant drink, I have of course nothing more to say on the subject; but if I mistake not, there are those who attach some real importance to it as a curative means.

DUTY ON WINES.

In the 'Times' of 6th November appears a circular respecting the condition of the wine trade in Great Britain, purporting to be from the pen of Mr F. G. Shaw, and which is written in a style superior to the usual literary efforts of commercial men. We can afford room for only the following passages, which will be read with interest by all who are favourable to a reconsideration of this important subject:—

It is shown by statistics 'that the consumption of

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wine, with a population of 29,000,000, is now less than it was with 14,500,000, and that the revenue from it during the first ten years of this century averaged L.700,000 more than during the last thirty years.

'The consumption last year was 6,251,862 gallons, but if it had gone on with the population, it would now have been 13,000,000; and if with the means of expenditure, according to the rating of the income-tax, at L.21,500,000 in 1812, and L.57,000,000 in 1849, it should be 28,000,000 gallons; and, including Ireland, about 30,000,000, while the revenue should be about L.6,000,000, instead of L.1,767,562.

'All who have taken an interest in the question, agree that the heavy duties during many years, and even now, have not only caused this trade to remain stationary, but even to retrograde. But they appear to be ignorant of, or to overlook, the important fact, that although the duty on a pipe of port (which has long formed the great proportion of the wine drunk in this country) is now L.33, instead of L.17 in 1788, being an increase of L.16 on the pipe, the wine itself at that period cost about L.20, and now costs double and treble that sum. This arises from the tendency of a high duty to encourage the import of artificially-priced wines, and of course has the same effect to the consumer as if the duty had been increased in those proportions.

'It is within the recollection of many that the usual retail price of the finest old port was one guinea a dozen, and they are probably correct in asserting that it was a finer and maturer wine than is now generally met with. Prices varied then very little, and the power of bonding not then existing, only wine fit for bottling was imported; and as the amount of it and the duty was comparatively small, wine-merchants could afford to keep it longer in bottle, and others could more easily lay in large quantities to acquire the peculiar qualities which time alone can give to port.

'Sherries about the same time cost from L.24 to L.40 per butt, but now L.60 is a usual price, and even L.80 or L.100 are often paid; but there being no restrictions on the growth or sale of sherry, as there is on port, sherries, or rather wines from the Xeres district, are imported at very low prices.

'It is probably no exaggeration to state that we generally pay twice as much for our French wines as the Germans, Belgians, or Dutch, simply because they have a constant and large demand for the cheap wines of that country, and purchase the produce of whole vineyards in the state of grape, or just fermented, and charter vessels to carry it to their own cellars, while an English wine-merchant dares only venture to import a few hogsheads, and these generally at prices that foreigners never hear of. It can be shown that the share of wine in this country falling to each individual during the last year was one bottle and a fifth. In Hamburg, where the duty is almost nominal, it is estimated that the share is twenty-nine bottles. Let us, however, suppose the consumption with us merely to be raised to twelve, and we shall find that this would require 59,000,000 gallons. Such a change might fairly be looked for under a reduction of duty from the present rate to 1s. per gallon, or 2d. per bottle (which would still be from 50 to 70 per cent. on the cost of much that would be drunk), and this would give an annual revenue of nearly L.3,000,000. The consequence of the increased demand would be, that Spain, Portugal, and France would vie with each other in supplying our market with all that was wanted for those of the most moderate means, and for common use, as well as with the most costly and rare qualities. We should then have a good wholesome wine at 10d. or 1s. a bottle, as well as others on which the duty even now forms but a small part of the cost.

'Those who fear the moral effect of such an influx of wine, have only to go abroad where wine and spirits are

procurable by even the poorest, and they will perceive that where this is the case excess in either is very unusual; and they will also become aware of the fact, that, owing to the expensiveness of wine in this country, a much stronger and more rapidly-intoxicating kind is drunk. To these remarks much might be added illustrative of the changes that have occurred in the use of the various kinds of wine for many years past, the cause of which it would be interesting to trace; but this would lead into a very wide field.'

We have always thought it very unfortunate that, from any considerations whatever, and especially from any merely fiscal considerations, the introduction of light French wines into this country should be to so great an extent prohibited. It is hardly possible, in travelling on the continent, and seeing the peasantry indulging without vicious excess in the refreshing un-intoxicating liquors of their own country, to avoid the conviction that these liquors might help in effecting a reform of the habits of the humbler classes of our own population. Climate may have something to do with the matter, and habits are not to be changed in a day; but we should certainly like to see the experiment of cheap wine as an antagonist of spirits fairly tried.

MYSTERIOUS POISON.

THE *curare* is a violent poison, prepared by some of the tribes, chiefly cannibals, who inhabit the forests bordering on the Orinoco, the Rio-Negro, and the Amazon. It is a solid black matter, of a resinous appearance, and perfectly soluble in water, and is supposed to be procured from a species of thorn abundant in the country. Such at least is the origin assigned to it by Baron von Humboldt. This illustrious philosopher has given a relation of the feasts of the Indians upon their going each year to gather the plant, *Lasiosoma curare*, which produces the poison in the forests of Javita. He also minutely describes the method of extracting the curare, and the singular effects of this poison, which may be taken into the stomach with impunity, while, if introduced by a puncture under the skin, it causes almost immediate death. New details have since been given by travellers, but much doubt and uncertainty still rest upon the subject. The recent experiments of a learned Frenchman go far to confirm the marvels related of the poison, at the same time that they appear to complete its history.

Upon infusing a liquid solution of curare into the veins of an animal, death ensues instantaneously, without the creature uttering a cry, or manifesting any species of convulsive agitation. If the poison be introduced under the skin, its effects manifest themselves more slowly; but death invariably supervenes with similar and very singular symptoms. The animal appears not to feel the wound: a bird will fly as usual; but at the end of a few seconds it falls dead without uttering a cry, or giving the least sign of suffering. A rabbit or a dog will go and come, after the infliction of the fatal puncture, in its ordinary manner; but it soon appears fatigued, and lies down as if to sleep. Then respiration ceases; sensibility and life disappear; and it dies without a struggle.

In general, when life ceases suddenly, the nerves retain for some time the power of reaction under the influence of mechanical or chemical stimulants. If a nerve of motion be excited, convulsions supervene in the corresponding muscles; if the skin be pinched, certain special movements follow. After death by curare, none of these phenomena can be induced: there is a complete annihilation of all the properties of the nervous system. The nerves of the still warm animal that died but a minute ago are inert as those of one that has long been cold and stiff. The blood is completely black, and so much altered, that it coagulates with difficulty.

This is certainly a very terrible poison; and yet one can eat of the curare with impunity. 'Its flavour is an agreeable bitter,' says Baron von Humboldt; 'and Bonpland and I often swallowed small portions of it. There is no danger where the lips and gums are healthy. The 'master of the poison,' which is the name they give to the old Indian charged with the preparation of the curare, tastes the liquid every instant, and judges of its quality by the degree of bitterness. . . . The Indians regard it as an excellent stomachic. . . . Upon the shores of the Orinoco they never eat any birds but those shot by a poisoned arrow.' The missionaries themselves pretend that the flesh of animals killed in any other way is not so good.'

Seeing the complete innoxiousness of the curare when introduced into the stomach, one is apt to believe that it may be modified by the gastric juice, to the extent of totally destroying its deleterious properties; but nothing of the kind occurs. A fragment of curare having been given to a dog afflicted with a fistula in the stomach, after a little time the experimenter separated the poison from the gastric juice, and found that it still retained its peculiar properties. By a special privilege, the mucous membrane covering the duodenum does not admit the venomous principle of the curare. The mucous parts of the nostrils and eyes are equally antagonistic to its entrance; the pulmonary membrane is an exception. Upon introducing a few drops of the poison into the lungs, death supervened with the same rapidity as if the animal had received the venom under the skin by a wound. This membrane possesses a special texture, and is deprived of the protecting mucus that lubricates the other membranes communicating with the exterior.

From all this, it results that the curare acts upon animals in the manner of venoms and virus, and that, with the exception of their intensity, its effects present a striking analogy to the phenomena produced by the venom of the viper. But here an interesting question presents itself:—It is generally admitted that animal poisons alone possess this property of being taken with impunity into the digestive tube. All the others, on the contrary, applied exteriorly or interiorly, however little soluble they may be, poison the subject. Thus strychnine invariably produces the same effects, whether it be applied to the excoriated skin or introduced into the stomach. The curare forms the sole exception to this law; and though belonging, according to Humboldt, to the same vegetable family as strychnine, it acts like an animal poison. A doubt thus occurs, whether we are quite right as to the composition of the curare, and if it be really a vegetable poison after all. New researches would make us believe that the Indians, after having prepared the extract of *liane*, mix with it a few drops of venom collected from the vesicles of the most dangerous serpents.

It is necessary to have seen the rapidity with which the curare destroys an animal, to comprehend the danger of the experiments undertaken by M. Bernard. The idea that a single accidental movement, that the minutest puncture, would instantaneously kill the experimenter, without any human power being able to

bring him succour, is alarming in the extreme; for there is not a possible antidote against a poison that destroys so suddenly.

THE VOICES THAT CALL ME.

THERE'S a voice from the woodland that calls me away,
Where the sweet birds are singing from bower to spray;
By my favourite rock the green mosses are springing,
And far on the hillside the sheep-bells are ringing;
By my rock springs a fountain where violets blow,
The primrose, the cranesbill, and ground-ivy grow.
There my favourite robin and sweet linnet bathe,
And o'er it the brooms their gold coronals wave.
The sunbeams are kissing the oak's glossy leaves,
And a thousand low whispers are borne on the breeze.
These to me are like loved voices—low, thrilling, sweet;
These I fly to the lone wood as dear friends to meet.
When coldness, deceit, disappointment, or strife,
Parch up the bright dew from the fresh morn of life,
Then the voice of my kindred things bids me come forth,
And feel as a child in the childhood of earth.
Gay fancies and wonder, deep thoughts and emotion,
Like that of his bosom who first sees the ocean.
While the chorus of voices praise Him who has given,
And the incense of voiceless things floats up to heaven.

There's a voice from the ocean that calls me away,
When the first shades of evening just steal o'er the day;
When the tones of the waters, mysterious and low,
Softly murmur bright words of the strange sights below;
While the rose clouds of evening are fading in night,
And far on the depths streams the last ray of light.
There are voices that call me when wild winds are howling,
And dark and portentous the black clouds are scowling;
And the wild steeds of ocean, with white-crowned mane,
Like their compeers of earth, spurn bridle and rein;
And the dash of these billows, that own not control,
Stirs the wellspring of liberty deep in my soul.
When in sorrow I wander, there are sweet voices nigh;
The reeds by the river re-echoing each sigh;
The trees as they away, and the leaves as they quiver;
The sigh of the winds, and the moan of the river!
When in gladness I bound o'er the fresh smiling earth,
The rejoicing of streams seem to welcome its birth;
The trilling of birds and the chiming of showers,
Announce the approach of long bright summer hours!

E. M. M.

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